

COOPER·UNION
YEAR
BOOK
A.D.·1929...
WOMENS·ART·SCHOOL

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YEAR BOOK

WOMAN'S ARTS SCHOOL
COOPER UNION

A. 1929 D.

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FREDERICK DIELMAN

*To Mr. Dielman for his wise counsel and leadership
To the members of the Faculty for their kindly and inspiring criticism
To Miss Coleman and Miss Magloff for their friendship and encouragement
and
To the Trustees, dei machini,
We affectionately dedicate this, our first
Year Book*

The Faculty

FREDERICK DIELMAN, N.A.	- - - - -	Art Director; Perspective
HARRY E. WARREN	- - - - -	Architectural Drawing
JOSEPH CUMMINGS CHASE	- - - - -	Commercial Design
ISABEL COLEMAN	- - - - -	Principal
ROSE MAGLOFF	- - - - -	Librarian
B. WEST CLINEDINST, N.A.	- - - - -	Illustration
VICTOR PERARD	- - - - -	Antique and Drawing from Life
ALPHEUS P. COLE	- - - - -	Painting, Still Life and Portrait
JEANNE WILLEM LOUD	- - - - -	Decorative Design
CHARLES HINTON, A.N.A.	- - - - -	Elementary Drawing
GEORGE BREWSTER	- - - - -	Sculpture and Anatomy
ESTHER BRANN	- - - - -	Commercial Design
CARLO CIAMPAGLIA	- - - - -	Elementary Drawing
ETHEL TRAPHAGEN	- - - - -	Costume Design and Illustration
ALEXANDER BONANNO	- - - - -	Decorative Design
DEALTON VALENTINE	- - - - -	Drawing and Sketching
FRANCIS BRADFORD	- - - - -	Mural Painting
F. H. EHRLICK	- - - - -	Lettering
ALICE HALL	- - - - -	History of Art

Faculty



HARRY E. WARREN



JOSEPH CUMMINGS CHASE



ISABEL COLEMAN



ALPHAËUS P. COLE



JEANNE WILLEM LOUD



CHARLES L. HINTON, A.N.A.



ETHEL H. TRAPHAGEN



ALEXANDER BONANNO



DEALTON VALENTINE

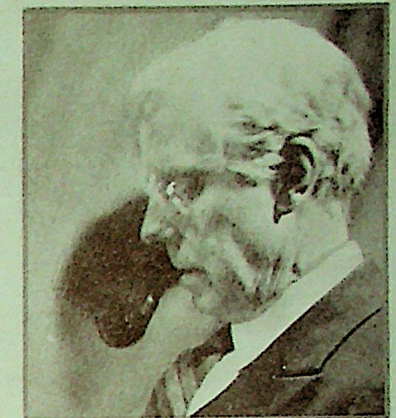
Faculty



ROSE MAGLOFF



B. WEST CLINEDINST, N.A.



VICTOR PERARD



GEORGE T. BREWSTER



ESTHER BRANN



CARLO CIAMPAGLIA



FRANCIS BRADFORD



F. H. EHRLICH



ALICE HALL

The Staff



Editors-in-Chief

URSULA HEINOLD

EUNICE M. BROWN

Personals

MARGARET SAYRE HAYES

Art

ANNE FLEMING

Photographs

SALLIE MITCHELL

Business

MURIEL SAUL
ALTO SCHIFRINE

Advertising

JEAN MORRILL
HARRIET FAIRHURST

HAZEL ABBOTT

RIDGEFIELD PARK, NEW JERSEY

Design

"A sweet attractive kind of grace."

Hazel's a dear. For three years she has charmed us with her prettiness and quiet ways. Several prizes have found their way into her hands, and now that she is graduating, may good luck be hers.

HELENE ARMITAGE

WHITE PLAINS, NEW YORK

Interior

"Of cheerful yesterdays and confident tomorrows."

Helene's cheerful presence has brightened the Design class in the three years she has been with us. But a serious interest in her work is evident, too, witness all the prizes she has won. We wish her success (but how we shall miss those delectable sandwiches).

HILDA BERGVALL

STATEN ISLAND, NEW YORK

Design

"The charm of her presence was felt where she went."

Hilda was a member of last year's class, but a year's study abroad made her one of us for graduation. Her ability has won her a silver medal and a high place in our regard.

MARIA TERESA BOVERI

NEW YORK CITY

Costume

"Loveliness needs not the aid of foreign adornment."

M. T. has made a host of friends in her three years with us at Cooper Union. In costume design she has shown that she has "an eye for clothes." But it is her unfailing good nature that endears her to us.

ISABEL TIFT BRINSON

MOULTRIE, GEORGIA

Costume

"Her ways are ways of pleasantness."

Isabel hails from the sunny south, and although she has a delightful accent, we seldom hear her speak. In Costume and in Life, she has proved that she is a worker. Remember us when you go back south, Isabel.





EUNICE M. BROWN

RUTHERFORD, NEW JERSEY

Poster Advertising

"Let us, then, be up and doing
With a heart for any fate.
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait."

Eunie took a flying start and is finishing her course in three years. She hasn't been too busy, however, to interest herself in school activities. She served as Chairman of the Candy Sale and put it over in a splendid way. The idea of a Year Book originated with her and she was one of its Editors. To her work and her play, she has brought an enthusiasm and willingness which has won her a circle of loyal and admiring friends.



EDNA MAE BUBB

JAMAICA, NEW YORK

Costume

"O, thou art fairer than the evening air
Clad in the beauty of a thousand stars."

For four years, Edna has been about the most decorative thing around here. In spite of being so pretty, she has remained naive and sweet. She is a hard worker in Costume and we all like her.



CATHERINE BUCKLEY

LINDENHURST, NEW YORK

Costume

"For she was just the quiet kind
Whose natures never vary."

Quiet, unobtrusive and very much interested in her work, Catherine has centered her interest in the Costume class. She is pretty, but so very shy that we hardly know her.



BIANCA CANDIDO

NEW YORK CITY

Costume

"Not stepping o'er the bounds of modesty."

No one can doubt Bianca's sincerity or devotion to her Art. After a six months' course in the Libutti School, she came to Cooper for three years, in the meantime attending a Life class at the Academy. Not contented with this activity she has joined the Studio Club and worked hard there.



DACOTAH CARLISLE

NEW YORK CITY

Costume

"What wonderful ambitions she had,
Always crowned with success."

Here's a girl who is always busy, always helpful and yet always ready for a good laugh. Dak came from Minneapolis Institute Art Club straight to Cooper, three and a half years ago. Most of this time she has been on the Student Council. This work has not kept her from winning more than her share of prizes. We are sorry to see her go.



CÉCILE CHAS

COYTESVILLE, NEW JERSEY

Interior

"She is the form of life and light
With laughing eyes and manners bright."

Cécile, who came to this class after a year's study abroad, is one of our most popular girls. She has a charming personality and lots of talent, the latter winning her a silver medal for second year design.



KATHERINE LOUISE CLARK

PELHAM, NEW YORK

Poster Advertising

"Just a mere child, with sudden ebullitions,
Flashes of fun and little bursts of song."

Kay should really be our youngest, that is, if actions speak louder than years. Her vivacious personality has endeared her to everyone.



FERNANDA DE ANGELIS

ORANGE, NEW JERSEY

Costume—Illustration

"Her eyes are stars of twilight fair—
Like twilight, too, her dusky hair."

Two years have made us love Fernanda, both for her voice and her charming personality. She came to us from the Regia Academia de Belle Arts in Rome and has since served on the Student Council and won three prizes and several mentions.



FLORENCE EBBERS

RICHMOND HILL, NEW YORK

Costume

"Fair tresses man's imperial race ensnare,
And beauty draws us with a single hair."

We have seen Flo's Titian ringlets bobbing about for four years. The Council claimed her as a member for three years. She won a prize for an embroidery design, and has done some lovely work in costume. She has been a member of the Studio Club since its organization. Good luck, Flo.



HARRIET FAIRHURST

MAPLEWOOD, NEW JERSEY

Costume

"A diller, a dollar, a ten o'clock scholar."

Harriet has been commuting for four years, which may in part account for her habit of strolling in about lunch time. In spite of this, she has won a mention and the office of Secretary and Treasurer of the Studio Club, which last attests to her popularity with its members. She was one of the Advertising Managers for the Year Book.



MARTHA SONIA FIDELGOLTZ

BROOKLYN, NEW YORK

Costume

"Let the world slide, let the world go,
A fig for care, a fig for woe!"

Most everybody knows Martha, for in her three years at Cooper she has made a host of friends. Costume design has taken up most of her time, but she doesn't neglect the lighter side of life. Like a good Cooperite, she has belonged to the Studio Club and won an Honorable Mention.



HANNAH FISHMAN

BRIGHTON BEACH, NEW YORK

Costume

"A quiet girl with a quiet way."

Hannah is another Brooklynite. She has only been with us two years, but her friends in Costume and Life all know that she is a quiet and earnest worker. Among her honors, she has gleaned a mention in Still Life Painting.



ANNE FLEMING

SOUTH ORANGE, NEW JERSEY

Poster Advertising

"Graceful and dainty, clever and sweet,
Many a heart will be laid at her feet."

Anne is a diminutive person with a large talent. Coming from Fawcett Art School in Newark, three years ago, she has made a place for herself among us. She has earned a mention for her charcoal work, and has given invaluable service to the Year Book Staff, not alone in her capacity as Art Editor, but in general help and advice. We all like her.



ROSE GARGUILO

BROOKLYN, NEW YORK

"Her voice was ever gentle and low,
An excellent thing in woman."

Rose is one of our Lone Star artists. She keeps very much to herself and has earned an Honorable Mention by this devotion to art. She is always pleasant and we wish her success.



MAMIE GERSHKOWITZ

NEWARK, NEW JERSEY

Costume

"Those eyes—
Darker than darkest pansies, and that hair
More black than ash buds in the front of March."

If Mamie is an example of what Newark is like, we concede that it must be a nice place to live. She has been here four years and has carried off two prizes and three mentions. Keep up the good work, Mamie.

NINA GLYNN

BRONX, NEW YORK

Design

"She promised that no force,
Persuasion, no, nor death could alter her."

Nina, who does, probably, the most exotic work in the class, is well liked by her fellow students. She won a prize for textile design, which proves how hard a worker she is. She's bubbling over with temperament and ability and will undoubtedly make her mark.



RUTH ELSIE GOLDFIELD

BROOKLYN, NEW YORK

Costume

"Unthinking, idle, wild and young,
I've danced and talked and laughed and sung—"

Everybody knows Ruth, our snappy collegian. She's good to look at and her jollity and pep have made her very popular. For three years she has studied here, specializing in Costume, and we think she should make a success of it.



ESTHER D. GURLAND

BROOKLYN, NEW YORK

Costume

"The mildest manners and the gentlest heart."

Esther is a quiet girl who takes her work seriously. She specialized in Costume and earned a mention for her work. Of late, we have seen her in Portrait class and we wish her success in whatever line she decides to follow.



FELICE D. HARRIS

BROOKLYN, NEW YORK

Interior

"Hang sorrow! Care will kill a cat,
And therefore let's be merry!"

During her sojourn at Cooper, Felice has done much to prove her ability. Two prizes have come her way and a great many friends.



MIRIAM R. HARVEY

NEW YORK CITY

Costume

"She's always so jolly and pleasant of mind,
That another one like her is hard to find."

Miriam's interest seems to be divided between costume design and outdoor life. However, she cleverly synchronizes her efforts, sketching the outdoors and then applying the results to costume creation. She has been with us two years and in that time has done her best to make us disciples of Nature. Best wishes in either line, Miriam.





MARGARET SAYRE HAYES

POINT PLEASANT BEACH, NEW JERSEY

Costume

"She has all the royal makings of a queen."

Peg has been with us four years, two of which she spent on the Council. She is a steady worker, earning a prize and a mention for costume and serving on the Year Book Staff as a Personal Editor. Her gracious, pleasant manner has won her many friends.



URSULA HEINOLD

NEWARK, NEW JERSEY

Poster Advertising

"So unaffected, so composed a mind;
So firm, yet soft; so strong, yet so refined."

Liked alike, by both faculty and school mates, Urs is one of our most able workers. She has been here for four years and for two of those years the Student Council has claimed her; her last year being spent in the presidential chair. She is an active member of the Studio Club; was not only on the committee for, but acted in the Christmas play; and was one of the editors of the Year Book. Needless to say, many prizes have fallen at her feet. Everyone is sorry to have her leave.



PAULINE L. HIGGINS

BROOKLYN, NEW YORK

Costume

"Her temper was generous, open, sincere—"

Pauline has been here three years, a conscientious and steady worker. Her popularity is shown by the fact that she was sent to the Council from the second alcove. We wish her all success.



ELVERA PAULINE JELENEK

BROOKLYN, NEW YORK

Design

"A laugh is worth a hundred groans in any market."

Elvera is a quiet girl who keeps her mind on her work. Her friends in design all know of her habit of looking on the darker side of things and jolly her about it. Notwithstanding, she has won several mentions for her work.



HILJA PATRICIA KETO

BROOKLYN, NEW YORK

Poster Advertising

"Tell all I know? Why life's too short for that!"

The N. Y. School of Applied Design saw Hil before she came to Cooper three years ago, and doesn't know what it has missed by not keeping her. She is a born salesman—could sell the Holland Tunnel in fact, as she ably demonstrated in her second year as Pioneer Salesman and as senior in distributing the candy. She's talkative, bright, and full of pep.

ADA LEN KIRKPATRICK

SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS

Costume

"A daughter of the Gods,
Divinely tall, and most divinely fair."

Ada hied herself here from Texas three years ago and promptly snatched four prizes and two mentions away from the local "gals." We like her however, in spite of this. She put her camera and photographic skill at our disposal and was our official "snapshooter" for the Year Book.



MINA LEIBOWITZ

NEW YORK CITY

Costume

"It's nice to be neat, it's nice to be dressed,
To laugh and to talk and yet look your best."

Mina makes a perfect prima-donna,—witness the Christmas play! And as for Costume design, we all feel she is well qualified to write "What the Well-dressed Woman Will Wear." During her three years at Cooper, she has made a host of friends.



RUTH LEWITTES

JACKSON HEIGHTS, LONG ISLAND

Poster Advertising

"Talk to her of Jacob's ladder
And she will ask the number of steps."

Ruth is a serious, if spasmodic worker, and we wish her success. She belonged to the Studio Club for several years and worked earnestly there.



CECILIA LOUGHRAN

BROOKLYN, NEW YORK

Poster Advertising

"A happy smile for every day
She gives to all who come her way."

Three and a half years have not made us very well acquainted with Cecilia, because she is so very quiet, but we do know her nice smile which illumines her whole face. She is the kind who gets her work done in spite of any drawbacks. Good wishes, Cecilia!



JOHANNA MARSCHALEK

EAST RUTHERFORD, NEW JERSEY

Costume—Illustration

"Hers is a spirit, deep and crystal clear."

Jo is always friendly and smiling. For a quiet girl, she has rolled up an amazing list of awards in her two years at Cooper, four prizes and a mention. She came here from the League where she had studied a year.





AGNES LOYOLA McKEON

WASHINGTON HEIGHTS, NEW YORK

Poster Advertising

"A most unspotted lily."

Four years in Cooper and we still are lying in ambush behind easels and still life objects, trying to surprise a wrinkle or a smudge on Agnes. In spite of the flying charcoal dust, Bohemian atmosphere, and what have you, she moves among us starched and speckless, and incidentally, universally liked. For two years, she has been a Council member and for four, a Pioneer salesman.



SALLIE MARGUERITE MITCHELL

YONKERS, NEW YORK

Poster Advertising

"Ready in heart, ready in hand."

We have only known Sallie two years, but wish it had been longer. She came from the School of Applied Design. For warm-hearted friendliness and willingness to help, Sallie can't be beaten. She has won a prize for Poster work and has devoted much of her energy to gathering photographs for the Year Book in her capacity as its Photo Editor. She's a great girl! and we'll miss her.



CATHERINE MOORE

NEW YORK CITY

Design

"My tongue within my lips I reign,
For who talks much, must talk in vain."

Ambitious—and oh, so quiet is Catherine, that we hardly know her. However, we do know that what she says is worth while and what she does even more so, if the medals and prizes she has received count for anything. We'll hear more of her!



JEAN MORRILL

NEW YORK CITY

Interior

—"a heart to resolve, a head to contrive, and a hand to execute."

Sophistication was the title Jean won in our popularity contest, but we can assure you she is a fast and peppy worker; witness the ads in the back of this book. She came to us from the Art Students League and became President of the Studio Club when it reorganized. She has been a member of the Council, and two mentions and a prize are among her laurels.



MYRTLE NIELSEN

BROOKLYN, NEW YORK

Costume

"Alas, there lies more peril in thine eyes
Than twenty of their swords."

Of course you remember Myrtle's sterling performance in the play? She was also an active member of the play committee, having been elected to the Student Council for the term 28/29. Besides earning a prize for her costume work she has been an enthusiastic and popular worker for the Studio Club.

BERTHA MARY REVERE

WHITE PLAINS, NEW YORK

Costume

"To delight in doing one's work in life,
That is what helps one on."

You should see the list of prizes that Bertha has won in her three years at Cooper! This year she has had the thankless job of Woman's Art Editor for the *Pioneer*. Bertha is taking Costume but we know that she will make her mark as an etcher some day!



CARMEN ROUX

WOODCLIFF-ON-HUDSON, NEW JERSEY

Costume

"Good humor is always a success."

Carmen is one of our pleasant girls. She is famed for her ability to give a marvelous finger wave, and her sunny and attractive disposition. She has been with us three and a half years and has won two mentions for her costume work.



MURIEL E. SAUL

BROOKLYN, NEW YORK

Poster Advertising

"Not too sober, not too gay,
But a sweet, true friend in every way."

Muriel is a pleasant, likeable girl and a great worker. She has served on the committees for two Christmas plays during her three years here, and was a Business Manager for the Year Book. Cooper will miss girls of her type.



MARIETTA SCAGLIONE

LYNDHURST, NEW JERSEY

Costume and Poster

"Toil is the law of life and its best fruit."

Marietta is one of the distinguished few who are taking two courses at the same time. In the four years that she has been with us she has accumulated several prizes. She has impressed her fellow students as being a patient and painstaking worker. She deserves success.



SYLVIA SCHENKMAN

BROOKLYN, NEW YORK

Costume

"Your notes of cheer are sweet and clear,
Please sing them right along."

In the four years Sylvia has been in Cooper she has won several Honorable Mentions for her costume work. We don't hear very much from her, but we know that in her quiet way she "gets there."





ALTO SCHIFFRINE

BROOKLYN, NEW YORK

Costume

"It's not the size of the dog in the fight,
It's the size of the fight in the dog that counts."

Alto has been very busy in the last four years. She spent a year on the Council and was the Art Editor for the *Pioneer* before she became the Circulation Manager for that paper. For three years she lent her talents to the Christmas plays, at the same time winning two Mentions and a prize. She wound up as Business Manager for the Year Book.



ADA MIRIAM SCHOCHAT

BRONX, NEW YORK

Costume

"When you are near, your smiles
Make this whole world bright."

Ada, a likeable girl with an engaging manner, has acquired many friends in her three years at Cooper. She has been a member of the Studio Club and won two Mentions for her work at school.



STELLA GALE SCHORR

NEW YORK CITY

Costume

"A rare compound of oddity, frolic and fun."

"'Diga-diga-do' . . . Anybody gotta kneaded eraser? . . .
'I Wanna Be Loved by You' . . . Who's gotta thumbtack? . . .
Isn't Helen Kane *adorable*?' What would we do without Stella?
Who else would sing the latest for us in Life Class?"



ESTELLE SLADA SHAPIRO

BRONX, NEW YORK

Design

"The glass of fashion and the mould of form."

"One of the best dressed girls in the class, Estelle came near winning that title in the contest. She has won more worthwhile things, however, namely, a prize and two Mentions. Our best wishes go with you, Estelle."



ESTA SOLOMON

BRIGHTON BEACH, NEW YORK

Design

"A winsome wee thing."

Esta attended Miss Traphagen's school before she came here, so she not only knows Design but Fashion as well. Perhaps this is the reason that Esta, like her friend Estelle, shows such good taste in dressing. She has won two prizes and some Mentions for her school work.

CLARA SPINDLER

BROOKLYN, NEW YORK

Costume

"I have never found the limit of my capacity for work."

As Clara has always been a steady and very quiet worker, we have not become very well acquainted with her in her four years' sojourn at Cooper. We do hear her anxiously inquiring measurements and details about class problems from her fellow students and so we gather her disposition has a natural flair for precision.



CARIN S. TENDLER

NEW YORK CITY

Poster Advertising

"Honor lies in honest toil."

For three years Carin has graced our alcoves, after completing a two years' course at the Night School. She was chairman for the sale of tickets for the Annual Dance and was instrumental in getting the girls to co-operate with the boys' schools in giving this affair.



ELSIE A. WARING

YONKERS, NEW YORK

Interior

"All the world loves a lover."

Elsie has proved her talent during her four years at Cooper by winning a first prize for her work. Her pleasant, generous nature has brought her many friends who will miss her when she graduates.



CAROLYN EUGENIA WEBB

JAMAICA, NEW YORK

Costume

"Nothing ever disturbs a good nature."

Carolyn came to us four years ago from the Federal School of Commercial Design. Looking over her pedigree, we find she has been on the Student Council, elected from the oil painting class, besides taking Costume and attending Hunter College on the side.



MARY E. WEISER

ELMHURST, LONG ISLAND

Design

"Curling hayes and laughing eyes,
Yet a will that's firm unto the skies."

Mary has been here three and a half years. Pert and pretty, she has fooled us into thinking she is merely "cute," meanwhile she has run off with two prizes, a bronze medal and several Mentions. She's loveable and clever, and we wish her lots of success.





JUANITA THEODORA WRIGHT

MOUNT VERNON, NEW YORK

Design

"She was pretty to walk with, witty to talk with,
And pleasant, too, to think on."

Juanita is another of our happy-go-lucky girls, always looking nice in the many clothes she makes herself. As a salesman for the Senior Candy Sale her business ability came to the fore. Three and a half years at Cooper have brought her several Mentions and loads of friends.

HANNAH ZIMMERMAN

RIDGEFIELD PARK, NEW JERSEY

Interior

"One praised her ankles, one her eyes,
One her dark hair and lovesome mien."

Zimmie, as some are wont to call Hannah, has been at Cooper four years. During this time her work has been excellent and she has been awarded a prize for it. We all like her.

Autographs

The Student Council



Left to right, front row:

Theckla Morgan, Frances Beck, Ursula Heinold, Natalie Kaphan, Sonia Leibert, Eleanor Busch.

Second row:

Pauline Higgins, Rosalie Van Zandt, Helen Rifenburg, Myrtle Nielsen, Agnes McKeon, Buenda Creelman, Margaret Mullin, Ada Kirkpatrick, Christine Aspromonte.

Back row:

Jean Morrill, Mable Anderson, Margaret Hayes, Mable Hubbard, Anna Barish, Ilena Rosenfeld, Ruth Brooke, Fernanda DeAngelis.

Organized by Miss Rogers, the present Mrs. Rainsford, in her first year with us as principal, the Student Council is approaching its fifth birthday. Its membership consists of representatives elected from every alcove or classroom who in turn elect the officers from among their number. Miss Frieda Katski was the first to hold the position of President. She was succeeded by Miss Theckla Morgan who presided for the duration of two terms. In the fall of the term 1928-29 the present officers were put in office.

President—URSULA HEINOLD

Associate President—THECKLA MORGAN

Vice-President—MARIAN ROTHSCHILD

Treasurer—FRANCES BECK

Secretary—NATALIE KAPHAN

THE Council convenes on an average of once every two weeks and matters relating to student government are brought up and discussed at the Round Table. Such problems as ventilation (always a bone of contention in an art school) the systematic distribution of tickets for dance or play, the installation of sanitary drinking cups,—all these and more come under its jurisdiction. More and more the student body is coming to realize the importance of such a group as the Council. Its purpose is to act as a medium whereby the wishes of the school may be presented to the Ladies' Council.

A perusal of the minutes of the Council brings to light the startling discovery that a few short years ago we had no recess period at 10:45. A suggestion was made at the meeting that a recess of fifteen minutes might allow the girls time for relaxation and thus improve the order for the rest of the morning. It was tried out, and, we read, had the desired effect. Since then it has become the custom and we hope will continue to justify its existence.

Shortly after the organization of the Council the question arose of a suitable memorial for Miss Eleanor Hewitt, who had been greatly interested in, and done much for, the Woman's Art School. After much consideration it was decided that the establishment of a scholarship would be most in keeping with her wishes. Accordingly a campaign for funds began. It was soon discovered that it would be some time before the sum was large enough to make a worthwhile scholarship, so the Council decided to give an entertainment each year, the proceeds of which would go to augment the fund. When the sum is large enough it will be invested and the interest awarded to some promising pupil who would otherwise be forced to give up her studies for financial reasons.

The Annual Entertainment

FOR the purpose of augmenting the Eleanor Hewitt Memorial Fund, the School has been accustomed to present each year, prior to the Christmas vacation, some form of entertainment.

Vague memories still linger of the first Annual Entertainment witnessed by the Class of '29, a short four years ago. Original vaudeville skits on every conceivable subject were presented for our enjoyment. Burlesque, tragedy, the skilled feats of jugglers, a miniature orchestra arrayed in 19th century costume,—all these, and much more, dazzled us,—for then, we were merely Freshmen!

The following year saw a drastic change in the nature of the entertainment offered. Unity was the slogan, and instead of several heterogeneous acts, it was decided to perform two one-act plays. A phantasy, *Poor Maddalena*, and a screamingly funny farce, *The Pot Boiler*, were produced with vocal selections for diversion. Marion Rothschild, in the role of Pierrot, Mina Liebowitz, as Mr. Inkwell, the villain, and Alto Schiffrine as Thomas Pinikles Sud, the author, are still remembered for the creditable showing they made that year. The performance was so well received, that it was decided to continue the policy of producing one-act plays. Then we were but Sophomores.

December, 1927, saw an amateur dramatic group fairly well organized. The Annual Entertainment was eagerly looked forward to, and it was with a certain amount of pride that we presented a varied program under the direction of Japie Murdock. *Cul-de Sac*, a tragedy by Essex Dane, held the audience spellbound until the very exciting last moment, with Marion Rothschild portraying the truly dramatic character of the dope fiend. A dance pantomime, some delightful songs by Fernanda DeAngelis, and suddenly the audience found itself viewing "Washington Square by Moonlight—2 A. M."; the prologue to the comedy by Floyd Dell, *The Angel Intrudes*. Transferred to "Jimmy Pendleton's Studio in the Village," the action of the play kept the audience in gales of laughter. Frances Beck and Alto Schiffrine were excellent in the roles of Jimmy and Annabelle, respectively. Edna Lesser as the Angel almost stopped the performance.

The entertainment was a financial as well as a dramatic success, and it was voted to set aside a certain percentage of the proceeds to defray the expenses of the following year's performance. We were accomplishing great things—and we were only Juniors.

But now we are Seniors! And as such we hope we have acquitted ourselves worthily. The performance for 1928 reached a very high standard in the annals of "Annuals," under the direction of Mrs.

Isaacs and Marian Rothschild. *When the Horns Blow* opened the program and the New Year's atmosphere was very appropriate. Frances Beck, in the lone male part, was an instantaneous success. The supporting cast consisted of Helen Toennies, Betty Davis, Fernanda DeAngelis, Mina Liebowitz, Myrtle Nielsen, and Ursula Heinold. Myrtle, so handicapped with a cold as to be rendered practically speechless, did admirably with her part; and Mina as the opera singer was—well, it was an uproar!

Fernanda again entertained with vocal selections, and the interpretive dancing by Adele Balkan and the very lively number by Gladys Armstrong met with universal approval, as did the songs of Dot Howard and Martha Parkinson.

The Town Hall—To-night, the third and last part of the program, was all that could be desired of a comedy. Space does not permit of our rhapsodizing over the individual merits of the cast, which included Marian Rothschild, Helen Toennies, Teddy Wilman, Lila Ballin, Eleanor Busch and Gertrude Cotter, but it would be difficult to find a more talented group of amateurs.

For us, active participation in the Annual Entertainment is now over. We have tried to set a high standard, and it is to be hoped that succeeding classes will be able to record even greater achievements.

Extract from the Diary of Eunice Brown

(With apologies to SAM'L PEPYS)

Nov. 15, 1928.

By horseless-coach and water to New York; and so to Central Opera House, to costume dance with Mistress Juanita Wright, being dressed as a gypsy girl, and two gentlemen; one of which and I were got up in plain grey and black Quaker garb which was a much more modest attire than most.

In the room, and the doorman did tell us to discard masques and us hunting all over New York to buy same in this season early in day. So we fairly walked upstairs and there many maydes and gentlemen in very pretty dress which kept a great chatter.

Musique started as we come in and while dancing, we did look about for Mistress Ruggles and her gentleman, which seemed not anywhere to be found. But, however, by balcony, all around the room we did watch the heavy oak doors and presently did both come, not like themselves but two rake-shamed rogues and throwing one another by one another's arms like nothing I ever did see in all my life, but was very well got up.

By and by a gentleman with the lass Hilja Keto who looked in this dress, lavender silk and white pantiloons, hair powdered and dressed a la negligence, mighty pretty.

A minute (to) look at decoration arrangement, which we did sum to be exceeding handsome. Red, gold, green, and blue baloons did float on strings from the ceiling which methinks is a good thing and colorful.

I own, too, without lessening the matter, colorful was the dress of new arrivals. Lady Lydia Shipley being very merry in talk, and looking pretty in bright Spanish garb with black lace stockings and red shoes; with her, two gentlemen and Mistress Fidelgoltz in short gowne with much shewing of mighty pretty silke leggs. But it was the finest sight that ever I did see in all my life. But above all Mistress Boveri in a short white dress, over her head, with her hat cocked and a black rossette. With her sweet eye and dainty nose now the greatest beauty I ever saw, I think in all my life; the fellow in male counter-part, so that we were fain to remark how fine couple they did make.

It so happened that after dancing had half finished we did tire of watching persons as maydes, ladies-in-waiting, apothecarys, Greek Goddesses, Persians, hoop-skirts, Lord Fauntleroy's. Anon comes a balloon dance which nearly caused me to be upset by much bounding about for favour of bursting each the other's balloon.

But about two o'clock when none wished yet to leave and coaxed trumpets to continue which did they 'till when the last dance had, to soon to end and much ado for acquiring coates and with successe by and by.

To the Coffee House where with some reason the publick did seem much ready to smile to our get-ups. Indiscretion in eating, then each to his owne business (of) getting home. We bid them all good night and so, with much ado, to the river and there took boat, to home and so to bed very weary.

The Cooper Union Studio Club

The momentous summer of 1927 saw the organization of the Studio Club. Its object in life at that time, was to provide a place where girls might work from models during the summer in the hopes that the first weeks of the fall term would not find them as "rusty" as is usual after the very long vacation. A large front room, with quite adequate closet space, was secured on West 15th Street and signed up for the summer months. At a very modest rental, the members had use of the studio at all times and classes twice a week. The experiment was a success. At the end of the vacation, the girls found it very hard to contemplate giving up the club for the winter, and new quarters were found, directly across the street, to house us through the school term. These rooms, while infinitely more attractive, were poorly lighted and a third studio was secured at 2 West 15th Street.

It was in this building that we became better known. A bridge every month or two became a social and financial necessity and many of the underclassmen and newcomers at Cooper came to look us over. It was deplorable that they saw us only on our company behavior; as the jolly, if somewhat sketchy meals which Jo Agresta served us before the classes are some of the pleasantest memories that many of us have of the club. There were difficulties encountered, however. The main one was the fact that the sky-light which we enjoyed here, was an expensive luxury. Money was scarce amongst this group of Art Students. We were finally faced with the awful reality that we would have to disband. There was no way out, though we discussed ways and means far into the night.

It was at this crucial moment that the unexpected good luck came our way. Some members of the Ladies' Council became interested in us and the work we were trying to do. With their assistance, a group of the original club was able to reorganize. Our lease was up, however and we had again to pack up our camp chairs and move, this time to 25 West 19th Street.

That is where the Studio Club holds its meetings now, and as the rooms are well suited to our needs, it is to be hoped that our wanderings are at an end, for a while at least. A donation of several chairs and pieces of unpainted furniture by one of the ladies, enabled us to put on quite a gala appearance. With an artistic green and yellow color scheme and an open fireplace, we are quite anxious to have visitors. Our object has not been obscured however, by our interior decorations. A president, Jean Morrill, and a Secretary and Treasurer, Harriet Fairhurst, were elected and a monitor who keeps order and collects the drawings, holds office for a month and then relinquishes the post to the next in line. Experiments are being made as the most convenient hours to have the model and when to serve the supper. The membership of the club has been limited to twenty, all of whom must have been Cooper students, if not graduates. Four drawings are required a month, but any medium may be used. Every girl is co-operating to make our part in the Cooper Exhibition in May worthy of the helping hand we have had extended to us. All in all, the future of the Club looks very promising.

Station C. H. A. S.

This is the Woman's Art Alumnae speaking. We have been asked to broadcast a few ideas as to what we are all about, and throw in some helpful suggestions from our bitter past as timely aids to the class of 1929.

Well—first of all, we're going to talk about ourselves, as this is the first opportunity we've ever had of doing so—thanks to your ambitious plan of publishing a Year Book.

We are not, as rumor has it, aged and decrepit. We do not come to our meetings, once a month, on crutches and in wheel chairs. Our names are writ in the archives of Cooper, in the dim, dark ages of just four or five years past—and really, we don't look it! As I have said—once a month we have a meeting at which the business matters of the organization and individuals are discussed. Other than that, we have our Teas and Parties; now and then we give a play—or go to see one; and then, of course, our big dance once a year. This spring we have treated ourselves to a brand new idea, and we are asking the students in the Art School to join in with us. We have organized an out of door sketch class, and

as soon as the weather permits, one may see a group of young enthusiasts start out from a definite meeting place, every other Sunday, for points unknown, to dabble in a little scenery. No charge, just bring along your lunch and sketch pad. Are you with us?

And are you still wondering—what, if anything, is underneath all this fuss and bother? Just this—we have the pleasure of knowing that some Art Student in Cooper, who, through financial difficulties, would not be able to complete her course, is being helped to success, through a fund, contributed by the Alumnae for this purpose. We hope you will think enough of this idea to join us as you graduate.

To the Class of 1929, we must be brutally frank. Have no illusions as to what you are going into. If you expect to earn your living by your pen and brush, buy yourselves a stout pair of walking shoes as a graduation present,—you have plenty of walking ahead of you. Don't carry all you have, but take a few of your very best samples—and remember that even those are not so hot. Do your best, always, you have plenty of competition. Do not hesitate to accept a position at what seems to be a ridiculously low salary to start. Once you are experienced, you can demand something bigger 'n better. Do not become discouraged—there is a place for you somewhere—the Alumnae members found theirs and are all well started. To a class with ambition enough to publish a Year Book, we wish the very best of luck and God Speed.

RITA BELL—*President*,
Woman's Art Alumnae—Cooper Union.

Among the Artists

Mr. Davidson, for many years teacher of Mural Painting in this school, is in Tokio where he is decorating a bank. On the completion of this work he will tour the Orient before returning to Cooper. In his absence Mr. Bradford has taken over his class.

And speaking of banks—Mr. Hinton, is, at the time of this going to press, supervising the installation of his huge mural paintings in a bank in Wilkes-Barre, Pa.

Miss Willem is now Mrs. Alexander Loud. Miss Coleman was one of the bridesmaids at the ceremony which took place February 23rd in Cambridge, Mass.

Mr. Cole was forced to make a flying trip to Texas, this term, and leave his classes in the hands of a substitute for a short while. He acted as one of the jurors in the great flower painting contest in that State.

And not to forget the Alumnae:

We were thrilled to hear of the marriage of Kathryn Hepburn on December 8th. She is now Mrs. Richard Springstead.

Miss Marjorie King, a graduate of the design class several years ago, is now head designer at Schumacher and Company.

Dot Loehr, '26, is the artist for the College Annual Publishing Co.

Ruth Light, of the same class, is studying part time at the Winold Reiss School and is free lancing on the side.

Louise Brann, to whom a year's study at the Fontainebleau School was awarded last term, has sent many of her sketches and water colors home from Paris. The quantity and quality of these show us she has indeed been busy.

Katherine Bell, '25, has been specializing in drawing children. You have probably seen her charming little figures in the Delineator and other fashion magazines.

Augusta Bartholomew is with the Flint Fiance and Tile Company where she is creating tiled interiors and designing tiles.

"Desire Under the Helms"

Heave Ho, me hearties and then stand to, to hear about the maiden voyage of the W. A. S. C. U. The young ladies (sometimes referred to as Inmates) of Cooper Union, chartered a whole boat, with a Crew and a Captain Bold (not naughtily, but nautically) for an old fashioned outing. All this happened, please understand, after the closing of school last spring, but it is a tale which must be told, if tardily.

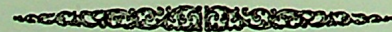
At any rate, the day dawned bright and clear, and staggering under the weight of lunchboxes which were strapped to our backs (or to be exact, to our scapulas, suspended by straps passing over our clavicles) we tripped up the gang plank of the good ship *Miramar*. There are many who bear the scars to this day. When all were aboard and The People Who Always Miss Boats were grouped in the most heart-rending attitudes on the dock, we weighed the anchor. I forget how much it weighed, but it must have been all right as we started almost immediately. Amid wild huzzas, showers of ticker tape and enthusiastic cries of "Hey, that's my lunch you're sitting on," and "Get off them life-boats," we headed up the river.

By ten o'clock every vestige of lunch having been consumed, kazoos were resorted to for music. But there—even we can't go *too* far.—Kazoos were resorted to. Those with exceptionally good hearing, grouped themselves about the portable vic., pilfered for the occasion from the Studio. The rest insisted on having their fortunes told by Miss Magloff who has, we think, earned a niche for herself in the Hall of Heroes.

Early in the afternoon, the inhabitants of Bear Mountain and its environs, ran to their cellars and it took days to coax them out again. The local papers referred to our advent as comparable to the Plague of the Locusts. *Veni, vini, vinci*. Having ascertained, in a private tete de tete with the blase and slightly moth eaten bear that so far it had been a very poor season for excursionists, we hied us on to new pastures, Kodaking as we went. Presently we came to some swings, and Whoops m' dear—we were off!

Hours later, after a series of wild hoots and whistles from our boat which was champing at the bit at the landing, we called a retreat. As the clan gathered on the dock it was discovered that several of the girls were missing. A searching party found them, weeks later, in the branches of the trees where their enthusiastic swinging had landed them. They had subsisted on nuts and berries but were glad to be rescued. On their return they were greeted at the City Hall by the Mayor and attended a performance of *Whoopee* afterwards.

The homeward voyage was calmer than the first half of the journey. Many people exhausted by the day in the open, snored all the way back. At the dock we found a scattering of waxed bread wrappers and cake crumbs, silent testimonies of our comrades who were left behind. Laughing uproariously at their predicament, we bid each other fond adieu. And the moral of this, if any, is that if you save your pennies, you can do it again this year. (Provided, of course, that the *Miramar* is out of dry dock.)



Last Will and Testament of the Senior Class

Know all by these presents that We, the Senior Class of 1929 of the Woman's Art School of Cooper Union, located at New York City, being of Sound (?) mind and memory, do make and publish, this, our last will and testament.

As to our worldly estate and all the privilege, knowledge and good advice of which we leave this school possessed, and to which it shall be entitled on our graduation day, We devise, bequeath, and dispose thereof in the following manner, to wit:

Firstly. The privilege of signing the late book after ten o'clock and that of leaving before four P. M. we grant to all undergraduates on condition said privileges be practiced on Saturdays.

The late book itself we bequeath to May Kane.

Secondly. All the surplus Energy and School Spirit of the Costume and Poster classes we bequeath to the Design Class.

Thirdly. All and sundry sepia smells in the aforementioned Design room we leave to Mr. Bonanno.

Fourthly. We will the august privilege of *closing* the windows in the Life Class to Frances Beck.

Fifthly. The arduous task of holding the fortress (room 78, 7th floor) safe from inquisitive first year Posterettes we bequeath to Trudy, Emily and Buenda.

Sixthly. Kay Clark's musical (?) drawer in aforementioned fortress we thankfully pass on to Marianne Laftmann with an appropriation of \$.10000 to offset the bill of a nerve specialist.

Seventhly. To Bunny Klinger, Dolly Gordon and Margaret Price we leave the privilege now enjoyed by Eunie Brown, Ursula Heinold and Jo Marschalek, namely, that of riding on the Erie ferry boats.

Eighthly. A. The shoes and fame of Hilja we leave to Lydia Shipley.

B. Anne Fleming's coiffure we dedicate to Helen duBroff.

C. The monitorship in the Design Class we bequeath to Mrs. Betty Isaacs.

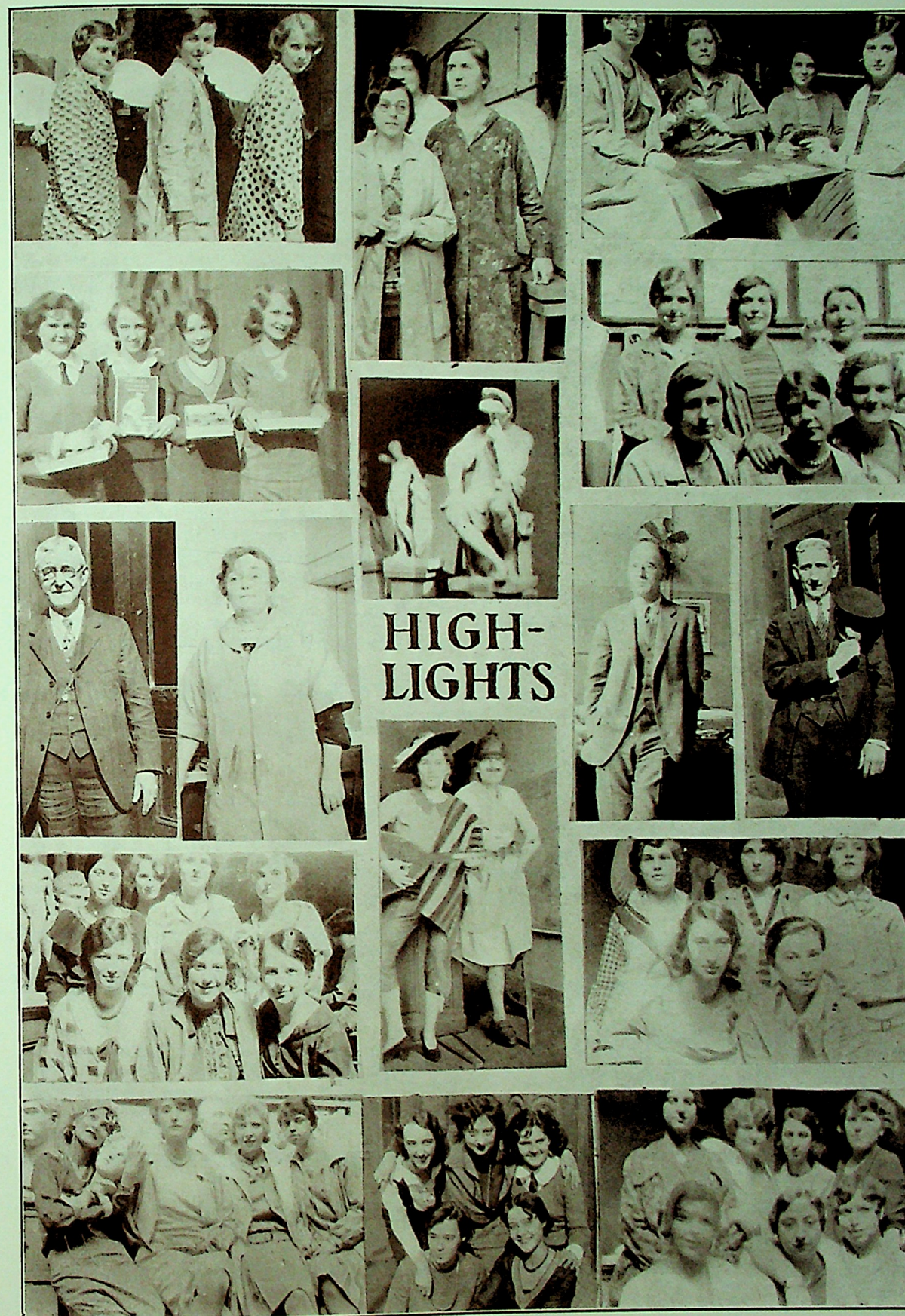
Ninthly. The privilege of following in the footsteps of their illustrious predecessors and publishing the *Second Year Book* of the Woman's Art School we leave to the class of 1930.

In Witness Whereof we set our hand and seal:

The Fledgelings



In Memory of
John Backett
Chief Engineer of Cooper Union and
his forty-one years of faithful service.
Entered into rest, April 2nd, 1929.



"In the Hile Hope of Teasing Out a Smile on Some Cold Face"—Cyrano

WHO'S WHO—1929

Best Looking.....Edna Bubb
Best Dressed.....Peg Hayes
Most Pep.....Hilja Keto
Biggest Heart.....Sallie Mitchell
Most Kiddish.....Kay Clark
Wittiest.....Ursula Heinold
Chattiest.....Ruth Goldfield
Quietest.....Catherine Moore
Most Sophisticated.....Jean Morrill
Most Temperamental.....Stella Gale Schorr
Cutest.....Cecile Chas

This is the result of our class-wide voting. What do you think?

* * *
There was a young lady named Keto
Who buzzed like a busy mosquito
She was so full of pep
You should just watch her step
She sure has the liveliest feet—oh!
—S. M.

* * *
Waiter—"Tea or Coffee?"
Student—"Don't tell me, let me guess!"—Pup.

* * *
She—"Why your heart sounds like a drum beating!"
He—"That's the call to arms."—Banter.

* * *
"How did you find your new Harvard friend?"
"I just unbuttoned his coonskin coat—and there he was!"—Voo Doo.

* * *
This year's prize goes to the girl who wants to know who this chap Sig McKigh is whose sweet-heart everyone is singing about.—Burr.

* * *
Edna Bubb—"Well, I finally got into the movies."
Consuela—"Did you really! How?"
Edna—"Oh I paid the usual seventy-five cents!"

* * *
Have you heard of Economy Mary?
Of wasting a pencil she's chary.
Now we'll not disguise 'er,
For you know she is Weiser
Than we who are seldom so wary!
—U. H.

* * *
Bert Berman wrote home to her husband: "Dear Hubby—Enclosed please find the hotel bill." He answered: "Dear Wife—Here is a check for payment of the bill, but if you can't buy hotels for less than that you had better not buy any. The price is outrageous."

* * *
Radio Announcer—"The A and P Gypsies will now play 'Lover Came Back to Me' from the 'New Moon'!"

Our Cinema Celebs

Greta Garbo.....Hilja Keto
Colleen Moore.....Kay Clark
Myrna Loy.....Lou Peterson
Gwen Lee.....Ruth Hallman
Baclanova.....Lydia Shipley
Mary Philbin.....Mary Weiser
Bebe Daniels.....Ruth Goldfield
Blanche Sweet.....Marianne Laftman
Dolores Del Rio.....Mamie Gershkowitz

* * *
Father, to prospective son-in-law—"The man who gets my daughter will get a prize!"
Young Man—"May I see it now, please?"

* * *
Edison would turn quite green
If Brookes's Readers Guide he'd seen.
Let's give a great big hand to Ruth,
As she's a clever girl, forsooth!
The Freshies read without detection,
For her device is their protection!

* * *
"And," said Mr. Chase, "when you get that in your head, you'll have the whole idea in a nut shell."

* * *
Betty Anganoa—"It says here, a man dies every six seconds."

* * *
Sadie Mulholland—"He must be used to it by now."

* * *
Ursula, our President,
Is critical, yet fair,
And full of wit and wisdom,
A combination rare.
—S. M.

* * *
Theckla—"See here, conductor, can't you run any faster than this?"

* * *
Conductor on the Eighth St. Line—"Sure I can, but I have to stay in the car!"

* * *
"I hear he smokes only Al Smith cigars."
"What brand are they?"
"The kind that come up from the streets of New York."—Stone Mill.

* * *
Kay—"Don't you dare to kiss me, I'll call my brother."

* * *
B. F.—"I just saw him drive out in his car."
Kay—"Don't lie to me!"
B. F.—"How come?"
Kay—"I have no brother!"

* * *
"That girl reminds me of a telegram."
"Why?"
"She says 'stop' at the end of every sentence."—Stone Mill.

"HOT CROSS PUNS"

She sat at table, deliberating whether she should eat *Brann* or a piece of *Brewster's* chocolate. She decided on a *Bonanno* as she was going to have corn *Bradford* dinner. She was sending a *Valentine* to the *Coleman*, but from whom it came there was to be no *Hinton* it. While the *Cole* was being put in the cellar, she went into the *Hall* and telephoned a department store to inquire the price of chiffon *Perard*. While she was out of the room and dog named "Hagen" *Clinedinst* the window, and without *Warren*-ing her, or pausing to wag his tail *Ehrlick* her hand, gave a *Loud* bark, and snatching up the *billetdoux* *Magloff* with it. She started to give *Chase* but she knew she could never *Traphagen*. Now wasn't that a raw *Deilman*?

(If you can use *Ciampaglia* in this you're a better man than I am.)—U. H.

* * *
Oh Heck!
(Frances Beck)

* * *
Ada Schochat—"Say, how is it there's no rice in the soup any more?"

* * *
Village Waiter—"Oh there ain't been a wedding around here for months."

* * *
Irene Hillebrand, on the El—"Is this next street Grand?"

* * *
Conductor—"Grand? Dearie it's *stunning*!"

* * *
Captain—"Your name?"
Private—"Jones, sir."
Capt—"Your age?"
Jones—"Twenty-four, sir."
Capt—"Your rank?"
Jones—"I know it."—Froth.

* * *
Drunk staggering along the street bumped into a telegraph pole. After feeling his way around it several times he muttered, "Shno ushe, walled in!"
—Jack-o-Lantern.

* * *
Winged Victory—"Friend of mine was drowned the other day."

* * *
Venus de Milo—"Couldn't he swim?"
Victory—"Oh my yes, but his boat tipped over in a lake where there was no swimming allowed."

* * *
Professor Dielman, being introduced—"Oh, yes, I remember you. You were in my class, weren't you?"

* * *
Buenda—"Now see here, professor, can't we still be friends?"

* * *
Ruth Lewittes—"Oh Captain, can you tell me what time the tide rises, I want to close my port holes."—Tiger.

LIFE'S BATTLE

In Life we hear the piteous moan
From fully half the class—
"Open all the windows,
Oh, can't you smell the gas?"
And then the other side reply,
With shivering frosty breath—
"Close up all the windows,
Do you want to freeze to death?"
—S. M.

* * *
Carolyn W.—"I'm going to the dentist to have my nerve killed."

* * *
Chorus—"He has some job!"

* * *
Ruth Brooke, after History of Art test: "Do you know I'd have flunked that exam if I hadn't handed in an anonymous paper!"

* * *
Where's this school agoin'
And what's it goin' to do,
And how's it goin' to do it
When we Seniors get thru?

* * *
Absent-minded professor (opening small package)—"We will now dissect the insides of this frog."

* * *
Class—"But those are two hamburger sandwiches!"

* * *
A. M. P.—"Now how odd! I could swear I just ate my lunch!"

* * *
Eunie—"Why are Russians so silent?"
Sallie—"Did you ever take a look at their dictionary?"

* * *
Juanita, seeing Myrtle in a chic velvet tunic—"What's that, a dress?"

* * *
Myrtle—"No. It's one of those close hats that you pull down all around."

* * *
"Ish that my room-mate?"
"Yesh!"
"How do ya know it ish?"
"Got hish closhe on!"

* * *
People who think these jokes are poor
Would straightway change their views
Could they compare the jokes we print
With those we do not use.

* * *
Of Juanita (who always is Wright)
This wee little verse I endite,
If a joke you would spill
She won't get it until
A week from next Saturday night!
—U. H.

* * *
Little shrieks of laughter,
Little bursts of song
Make a mighty racket
And are very wrong.
—S. M.

ADVICE TO YOUNG GIRLS

U. H.

Miss Magloff's there, you can't slip by,
She's pinned you with a watchful eye.
If you don't want to sign the Book,
Be here on time by hook or crook!

(The Keeper of the Door)

From Alcoves three to Alcoves one,
DON'T move a cast—it's never done!
You'll hear the tolling of your doom
If you faw down—and you go Boom!
(They Shall Not Pass)

Onions, platters, bottles, jugs,
Hoopskirts, hats and earthen mugs,
Pewter candlesticks and flutes,
Teapots and the cheaper fruits,
Baskets, frying pans and trays
Which all have seen their better days
Must NOT be used as water bearers
To mix the paints of Sues or Saras!
(Not Gunga Dins)

Dear little children, you must think
To buy your paper clips and ink
Your Michallet and Strathmore, too,
Your "T" squares, charcoal, pencils new
Your scratcher pad, or brush of sable
Your Winsor Newtons (if you're able)
Your thumbtacks, paste, your ten cent rule,
BEFORE YOU JOURNEY UP TO SCHOOL!
(Be Prepared)

"They smiled when the waiter spoke to me in
French, but when I unhesitatingly replied 'Uber
den dass sie Euch', they laughed out loud!"

* * *

There's a dear little youngster, Kay Clark
Too young to stay out after dark;
She can't keep the rule—
"Please be quiet in school!"
And thinks living's a glorious lark!

* * *

The drunkard leaned over the railing of the
bridge and gazed perplexedly at the reflection of
the moon in the water. A policeman walked by.
"Shay officher," called the inebriate, "ish that the
moon down there?"

"Of course it is," answered the law.
"Then how'd I get up here?"

* * *

Agnes is dainty, Agnes is neat
From the waves of her hair to the tips of her feet.
Her smock is the only one I've ever seen,
That stayed in an art school and always looked
clean.

—S. M.

Carin—"Well, in union there is strength."
Lydia—"Yes, and in union's there are strikes."

* * *

"My rose," he whispered tenderly as he pressed
her velvet cheek to his.
"My cactus," said Hilja, as she touched his face.

* * *

Trudy—"Did you get your motor boat?"
Mar Laftman—"Not yacht but soon."

* * *

We know what's become of Sallie!
We found her in the Zoo,
With auks and gnus quite pally,
(And with the keepers, too).
—U. H.

Salesman—"This overnight bag is just what you
want, Madame."

Betty Davis—"Well, I'll take seven of them;
I'm going to stay a week."

* * *

They say that brunettes have better dispositions
than blondes. My girl friend has been both, and I
can't see any difference.

* * *

Billy Hecht—"When your nose itches, what is it
a sign of?"

Mary Burke—"You are going to have company."

Billy—"And supposing your head itches?"

Mary—"They have arrived."

* * *

First Still Life Object—"Edna's face is her
fortune!"

Second S. L. O.—"Yes, and it runs into a neat
figure!"

SONGS THAT SOME OF US SUGGEST

"Long, Long Trail"—Sallie Mitchell.
"Oh How I Hate to Get Up in the Morning"—
Harriet Fairhurst.

"Having My Ups and Downs"—Adolph.
"Together"—Linda McKeel, Grace Nordquist.

"Five Foot Two, Eyes of Blue"—Anne Fleming.

"Oh Kay, You're O.K. With Me"—Kay Clark.

"That Certain Party"—Helen Perkins.

"The Three Musketeers"—Buenda, Trudy, Emily.

"That Old Gang of Mine"—Eunie Brown.

"Can't Help Lovin' That Man of Mine"—Elsie
Waring.

"Making Whoopee"—Ruth Goldfield.

"You Never Can Tell What a Red Headed Mamma
Will Do"—Florence Ebberts.

"Melancholy Baby"—Elvera Jelenek.

"Sittin' in a Corner"—The Wrestlers.

"Up in the Clouds"—Ada Kirkpatrick.

"Just Around the Corner"—Miss Coleman.

"Holy, Holy, Holy"—Senior smocks (except Agnes
McKeon's).

"Song Without Words"—Catherine Buckley.

"Song of the Swallow"—New Lily Cup Machine.

"The Girl Friend"—Muriel Saul.

"For She's a Jolly Good Fellow"—Miss Magloff.

"Oh Frenchy"—Cecile Chas.

"Three Little Maids from School"—Alto, Mamie,
Sylvia.

THINGS WE NEVER EXPECT TO SEE AROUND COOPER

Eunie Brown making the train on time.
Mary Weiser using her own materials.
Hazel Abbott sneezing a nice big sneeze.
Catherine Moore making lots of noise.
Juanita Wright with lots of ambition.
Helen Armitage not "feeding the multitude."
Hilda Bergvall without her smile.
Estelle Shapiro poorly dressed.
Hilja Keto without a boy friend.
Ruth Goldfield with the blues.
Jean Morrill with an inferiority complex.
Esta Solomon reducing.
Kay Clark with a personality Bob.
Agnes McKeon slightly rumped.
Dacotah Carlisle at the foot of her class.
Ursula Heinold losing her temper.
Sallie Mitchell refusing a request.
Miss Webster reading the Nation.

Eunie is our Candy girl,
A helpful and a handy girl,
She'll never shirk
The hardest work
In fact she is a dandy girl!
—U. H.

We owe this to Juanita who overheard it on the
I. R. T.

"Let me off at Fifty-ninth Street, please!"

"We passed Fifty-ninth Street long ago!"

"Pushed Fifty-ninth, and you didn't let me know?"
Why, jush for that I'm going to ride to the end of
thish line!"

* * *

Teacher—"Parse this sentence, 'the cow is in the
pasture.' What Mood?"

Youngster—"The cow!"

* * *

We know now that if the poem, "In Flanders'
Fields the Poppies Blow," wasn't dedicated to
Lydia Shipley, that it should be. (And that, my
dear, is a deep one.)

STILL(?) LIFE IN THE FIRST ALCOVE

Silence reigned in the dark recesses of the first
alcove, and the clock ticked noiselessly out in the
hall. Indistinctly outlined against the sombre walls
hung many heads, staring with unseeing eyes. It
was twelve o'clock, that hour so immortalized by
mystery and detective stories, and all was well!
Or so it appeared—but lo! The long patient Cicero
no longer hung his head with lips sealed, but was
talking animatedly to the Mysterious Lady, who
no longer smiled with eyes closed, but looked up
cooly at her nabor and openly laughed.

Venus hung alone, alas, to think that she has
once been the sweetheart of Sigma Chi! And as
for Apollo he had faced completely about and was
talking to the fair September Morn.

Several miscellaneous feet lay in dejected groups,
as if the remains in a dissecting room.

Zues, great in the glory of his curling whiskers,
turned his eyes away from the cooing Cicero and
his fair companion. (Who mentioned Spring?)
The Slave no longer languished in his bonds but
wore a somewhat gayer expression—while Keats,
the still mournful, dreamily murmured, "Saint
Agnes Eve, 'twas bitter chill—"

But hark, the clocks show the hour of dawn, and
even now the first whips of light are peeping
through the skylights. Keats stopped in the middle
of a stanza, and Cicero gave his friend an icy stare
which luckily she did not perceive, her eyes were
already shut. Zues settled down to a long nap and
Venus was once more aloof for the undisguised
stares of the girls of Alcove One who valiently
struggled to reproduce their notable features on
paper.

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Cecelie, Hilda, the short and the tall.
Two girls who are workers, and that isn't all!
Hilda's smiles are so charming,
C. C's eyes so disarming—
E're I sing all their praises I'll hire a hall!
—U. H.



"So long, old top," said the Chinaman, as he committed suicide by cutting off his head.

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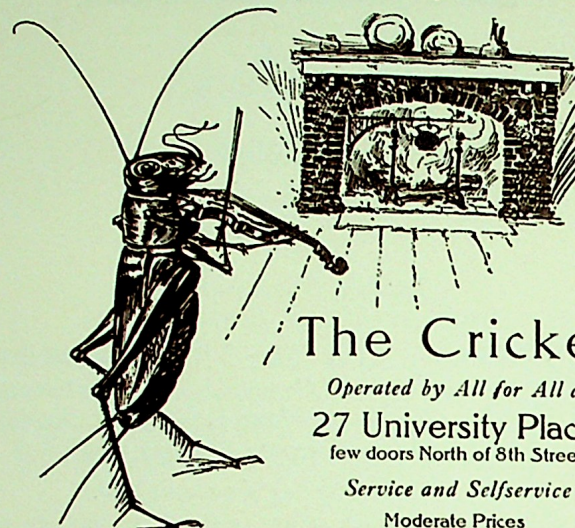
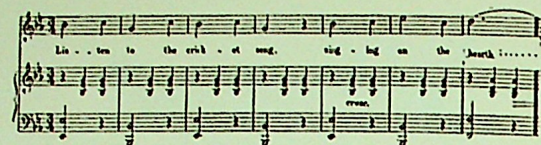
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